My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnspotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all said yet, thou proue prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happinesse.

*Per.* Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduice of any other thought,
But faithfulnesse and courage.

*The Riddle.*

*I am no Viper, yet I feede*
*On mothers flesh which did me breed:*
*I sought a husband, in which labour,*
*I found that kindnesse in a father.*
*Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,*
*I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;*
*How they may be, and yet in two,*
*As you will liue, resolue it you.*

Sharpe physicke is the last; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glasse of light, I lou'd you and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your sence the strings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:

Good



Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Anti.* Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your times expirde
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

*Peri.* Great King,
Few loue to heare the sinnes they loue to acte,
T'would braid your selfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then shewne:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes dust in others eies, to spread it selfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the sore eies see cleare.
To stop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole cast
Copt hils toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Ioue* stray, who dares say, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worse to smother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head.

*Ant.* Heauen that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition mis-interpreting,
We might proceed to counsell of your daies;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree,
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise:
Forty daies longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be vndone,
This mercy shewes, wee'l ioy in such a sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

*Manet Pericles solus.*

*Per.* How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,



When

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